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THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY

MISS F. L. HALL,
FEB. 20
1208 OAKLAND AVE.
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Mexicans in the United States

LATIN AND ANGLO-SAXON POINTS
OF CONTACT AND CONTRAST

AMERICANIZATION IN NEW MEXICO

LETTERS OF A GIRL TO HER ERST-
WHILE COLLEGE ROOMMATE

OUR HISTORIC SOUTHWEST

WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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HOME MISSION MONTHLY

VOL. XXXIII

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MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

NO. 7

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TO EVERY WOMAN

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THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY



MAY, 1919

NUMBER SEVEN



LITTLE MEXICAN MAIDS OF OUR SCHOOL AT TRUCHAS, WEARING THEIR CUSTOMARY HEADADDRESS. See page 162.

Latin and Anglo-Saxon Points of Contact and Contrast

By Robert McLean, D. D.

WE do not like that which we cannot understand. Too many of us do not understand our Latin neighbors, and as a consequence do not love them. They understand us not at all, so are, to put it mildly, antagonistic. Yet we should be the best of friends, for our interests are so closely linked that what hurts one hurts the other. In the readjustment that the world's upheaval has made necessary, a better understanding between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin is essential to world peace and prosperity.

It is quite possible that in the beginning all peoples of the earth were of one blood, but since the beginning there have been some mighty changes. Something has raised

a barrier between Saxon and Latin that is difficult to cross. That difference is sharply defined in their idea of what constitutes patriotism. A prominent, educated Mexican once said to me, speaking of the possibility of a war between the two nations: "It would not be of long duration. Your soldiers would not dare to stand before ours."

"And why not?"

"Our men are brave and patriotic."

"Don't you think ours are?"

"No. Anything like real patriotism is impossible in this land. You are an agglomeration of races, and are like a coat made up of patches. There can be no unity, no cohesion, consequently no real patriotism."

Yet since then he has seen the American

people rise as one man and go forth to battle and die for an ideal. He has seen them roll back the world's menace to civilization; but I question whether, even with all that, America has come up to his ideal of patriotism.

The Mexican idea of patriotism is too apt to be loyalty to leader regardless of principles involved; under that leader he will lay waste his own land as if it were that of an enemy. Yet no man can be more impassioned in his loyalty, as he views it, and none is so hard to win from the old ties to a new allegiance.

The one outstanding cause for this truly Latin characteristic, as manifested particularly in the Mexican people, is the domination of the Church. For four hundred years they have been repressed individually and collectively. Absolute, unquestioning obedience to authority as represented by the Church and its priesthood has crushed individuality and initiative and made the Mexican of the masses an easy victim of the ambitious few. A Catholic priest who had spent many years in Mexico and Central America once said to me, "What they need down there is the liberty of worship we have in the United States." But to that his Church will never give assent. Recently I have seen advertised in a Catholic bookstore, not in Mexico, but in the United States, a new work entitled, "Freedom of Thought, the Cause of Disunity." The spirit that enslaved mind and conscience still lives and moves.

The people of the United States may be a mere patchwork of nationalities, but they have had that liberty which Phillips Brooks defines as "A man's right to be and to do the very best that it is possible for a man to be and to do." He has thought for himself, acted for himself, and developed in the "melting pot" a sense of individual responsibility that makes him necessarily a follower of the ideal rather than of the leader. The man is his leader only as he is true to the ideal. This has made the Anglo-Saxon American the world's patriot and the world's champion. It was a Spanish statesman who said "The Genius of America is the Spirit of Liberty."

The average Latin-American is necessarily provincial. Spain's object in colonization was to make subjects, not freemen, to exploit, not to develop. The plan of "repartimientos," dividing the land into great grants and making the grantee virtual

lord over body, mind, and conscience of the natives under his care cast a blight upon all Latin-America. That splendid men have arisen and that all are struggling toward the light speaks well for the inherent virtues of the race, virtues that centuries of oppression have not been able to crush.

Again, Mexico can hardly be called a nation. It is a nation in the making, largely an aggregation of tribes, more than one half of the population being pure Indian. They have not been a nomadic people, and there has not been that amalgamator, a system of popular education, to fuse them into a united whole. Each tribe has left its impress upon the national character, but sectionally, hence to be well acquainted with one portion of Mexico is not to know the Mexican people.

Many Mexicans born within the United States, living under its flag and protected by its laws, are no part of the body politic and have no real conception of American ideals. An elderly business man living in the capital of New Mexico when asked why Santa Fe was so much an alien city said, "What would we gain by adopting your American civilization?" He then broke out into a bitter tirade against the United States for their treatment of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Our crime evidently was that we had shaken them out of the lethargy of ages and turned their eyes toward the new day.

That this man is not an exception is evidenced by the fact that a measure has been introduced in the legislature of New Mexico requiring that all public school teachers be competent to teach the Spanish language. It can be readily seen that the creation of a distinct nationality of another speech within our borders may constitute as real a menace as that which we hope has been overthrown by the war with Germany.

While we have few real points of contact with our near Latin neighbors we may learn from them much that would be profitable to incorporate in our family life. The father may not conform to our standard of morals in his public or private life, but there is a love for and a loyalty to the family that is worthy of emulation. The children on their part manifest a most beautiful and reverent spirit toward the parents. I have spent nights in their homes, and have seen the children come at the hour of retiring and kneeling beside the father say, "Your blessing, papa." And then the father, laying

his hand upon the head, would respond, "May God bless you and guard you, my child." And these were not specially religious men. It was the spirit of the family. The patriarchal spirit may be carried to extreme lengths, but a little infusion of that into the American life would add to the beauty of the American home. There are too many American homes where business makes the father almost a stranger.

Again, there is a fine, wholeheartedness about their hospitality that is wonderful. Untouched by commercialism, whether it be in the home or in the lonely sheep camp on the mountainside, there is no limit to what they will do for the "stranger within their gates."

Another characteristic marks the Spanish-American business man, the value he places upon his word in business. Mark you, I don't say they will not lie, but when their word is given in business that word is a sacred bond. This was the reason for the long credit given business houses in Latin-America by European houses, something our American houses could not comprehend, and not comprehending lost the Latin-American trade.

In conversation a criminal judge in Texas said, "I was always ready to say that ninety-five per cent of the Mexicans are thieves and scoundrels, and now I am ready to add the other five per cent." Not more than ten minutes later a business man

said to me: "I have been doing business with the Mexicans for thirty years, and the longer I know them the better I like them. I can always trust their word where I would have to tie an American up with a legal document." The judge had dealt only with the criminal class, the other with the real Mexican.

Now what will bind together in one common interest these two races that have so many common interests. America may have to stand against the forces of evil that are sweeping the Old World. Mexicans, especially as they are at present, may fall into line with the forces of evil whose emissaries have been working so industriously among them. How shall they be saved?

We have seen the transformation of whole Mexican communities where the school and the Gospel have been permitted to do their work. Naturally keen of intellect, they drink in an education. Naturally religious, they absorb and apply the principles of the Gospel which because of its newness appears more wondrously beautiful to them than to the Anglo-Saxon. The great problem is that of evangelization, not in word only but also in deed, healing the body, awakening the dormant intelligence, and calling the dead soul to life in Christ. Desert places have been made to blossom and be glad. The moral desert simply waits the application of the Water of Life.

THE BAND AT
MENUL SCHOOL,
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW
MEXICO, HAS DONE
EXCEPTIONALLY
GOOD WORK,
NOTABLY IN CON-
NECTION WITH THE
PROHIBITION CAM-
PAIGN, WHEN WITH
THE SPEAKERS THEY
ATTRACTED AND
HELD CROWDS.
THEY ALSO MADE
SOME GOOD TEMPER-
ANCE TALKS





REBECCA, OUR LITTLE MILKMAID

The Game of Learning and of Living

THE CHILDREN OF
CHIMAYO, NEW MEXICO

By Zoe I. Ellsworth



A WOULD-BE SOLDIER

BEFORE one becomes acquainted with the children of this New Mexico plaza they appear shy, quiet, and unresponsive, and their lives seem to have nothing more interesting than hard work without modern methods. The fields are all cultivated by hand, the water supply is carried from ditches, the harvesting is done as in Bible times with few implements, and the threshing is done by goats, house and yards are swept with brooms home-made from a native grass and without handles.

Yet in some ways these little folk seem as free as the birds when there is no special task to perform. They run when and where they please, obeying the call of their elders only when it suits them. This lack of obedience often makes it hard for both pupil and teachers during the first few years in school.

A very few years ago we did not visit a home with children in it that we did not see the Christmas dollies hung high on the walls as ornaments. The few picture books or toys were laid aside to be kept clean or to decorate the home. Why? Because, in this out-of-the-way mountain place, with so much barrenness of country, of home, and of pleasure, the spirit of originality and play was not developed. The children did not use the material at hand in making up play, and not even dolls or family pets were given names. The parents thought play had nothing to do with physical or mental development, and a child was often entered in school with a request that he be not per-

mitted to play, even at recess. He would better use that time in study. Memorizing nursery rhymes and poems was considered loss of time; modern school methods did not teach children enough of the three "R's" and were liable to make them lazy. One can readily see that it is not only the children who need to be taught how to study and play, but that parents must also get into the game of real learning and living.

With the aid of better equipment in the school; the addition of a new playground and apparatus, the latter mostly home-made; the building and furnishing of a doll house; entertainments and teaching of games; the desire to learn and to do things and a real spirit of play have been awakened, and we now feel that our boys and girls are very much what all little Americans should be. True they do not use the language of our country except in school, but the desire to learn English is constantly taking firmer root. This desire was gained partly through play, partly through punishment, and partly to obtain some favor. Just last week a little third-grade boy came to the door and when I answered his knock he knew he must attempt to tell his story in English in order to gain what he wanted. He looked up at me and said, "Do you want me to have this little thick board I find in your barn to make for me a violin? I no have any at my house and if you want I take this and a thin one." I questioned him and found that he really had a plan in his little head, so was glad to stop my work and encourage

any such inventive powers. In a few days the completed instrument was brought to school. The strings were pieces of spool wire. The main part of the instrument he had made by hollowing out the heavy piece of board, then covering the hole with a thin piece. He had made his keys and everything to look like the real thing, and to our surprise he could get a fair imitation of real music from it.

A little boy who lives two miles from the school has been walking up to the mission, carrying his lunch, for three years through all kinds of weather. He passes one public school and lives near another. When asked by one of the men of this plaza why he went so far to attend the mission school, he said, "Why, I want to be like George Washington and I cannot unless I know English, so I must go to the mission school to learn it."

The boys who went to war and have realized that there is a United States, and that we of New Mexico are a part of it, are bringing messages of real things back to the children here who can more fully understand the truth of what had seemed a dream to them. We expect this influence to help bring English into these shut-in mountain places.

Learning to tell the truth is a hard lesson for these children. Besides the war we have made on unclean bodies and clothes, tardiness and absence, we must fight lies.

Do not blame the children. Lying is practiced before them by a superstitious religion as a mental convenience, a way to keep out of trouble; and by their elders as a means of being polite in agreeing with all that is said, so why should the children not use such a convenience also? Those in school have learned that we know the ways of the detective sufficiently to find out the truth sooner or later, and they have had to confess the truth so many times that it is getting to be an honor to be real soldiers against lying. We can leave all cupboards and drawers unlocked and in fact the entire school unprotected by us, knowing that they have pride in looking after things and keeping them both safe and in order.

It has been a hard struggle to accomplish these many things on which we have been spending thought, time, and energy; but come to visit us and our little workshop of a school these children love so well, so well in fact that they are glad to come early and stay late and care nothing for a holiday; watch them in their manual work, in any of their studies or play, and you will agree with us that missions are not in vain, that money, time, and effort are well spent, and when New Mexico climbs up to the standard of older states you will all be glad to have had some part in the development of the lives which have helped to make it more nearly ideal.

Americanization in New Mexico

By M. Katharine Bennett

This manuscript by our president is exceptionally spontaneous, possibly because it was written with the informality of a letter to the editor while en route from New Mexico and while fired with the experiences through which the writer had just passed.—EDITOR.

THE state of New Mexico presents very definitely an Americanization problem that is acute. The population of New Mexico is sixty per cent Spanish without counting refugees of the last few years. To this per cent may be added a fairly good-sized group of Indians, and a scattering of aliens from many lands, leaving the American population approximately twenty-five per cent of the whole. One has but to linger in the towns or plazas, or to visit the Indian pueblos, to realize how vital is the problem of Americanization, and how it is bound up with the future of the state. In Santa Fe, the capital, there are 6000 "Mexicans" and 2000 Americans—this still being

the distinction made in spite of the fact that all alike are American citizens. In this day when hyphenated Americans are unpopular it is a curious fact that here in the Southwest the form Spanish-Americans is constantly used when these American citizens are not called "Mexicans."

While in Santa Fe I attended sessions of the Senate and Assembly and I think it was there that I became overwhelmingly conscious of the immediacy of New Mexico's needs and the deliberation with which the churches are helping her to solve her problems. It was in 1848, was it not, that this region became a part of the United States? And yet, this very last week

in the Legislature of New Mexico I found that every word spoken by the presiding officer, the clerk, or by members on the floor, was translated from English into Spanish, or Spanish into English. In the Senate one felt that this might be an unnecessary precaution, but in the Assembly one saw the necessity if members were to know the business in hand. There seemed to be a goodly proportion of these members who spoke to the body in Spanish, the interpreters then giving the same in English.

I have attended the sessions of various deliberative bodies, but I assure you the confusion of the two languages, overlapping one the other, apparently hurrying and chasing after each other, was beyond words; the fringe of onlookers, mostly women, who chatted and laughed throughout the session and the toddling children who crossed and recrossed before the speaker's desk were an anomalous accompaniment to the business of a state in a dignified State House. My interest in the doings of the body was centered in the educational bills that were pending. These were not passed while I was there but two days later I found the following notice of them in the Albuquerque paper.

Educational Bill Passed

The senate concurred in the passage of house bills 154, 155 and 152, which comprise that section of the governor's educational program expected to pass at this session. H. B. 154 required the teaching of Spanish in all four-year high schools and in the higher educational institutions; H. B. 155 provides for the employment of competent Spanish teachers and requires the lessons to be translated from one language to another if the pupil desires; H. B. 152 calls for night schools where more than 10 illiterate persons are employed by a firm.

Aren't those extraordinary bills to pass in these days? And will this not mean the perpetuation of a Spanish-American people, a hyphenated state legislature, and the delay in coming to their best on the part of the people of New Mexico? It is interesting to note that the present executive, Governor Larrazolo, is a native of Old Mexico, though he has lived in the United States many years. I heard him speak and he is evidently anxious for the improvement of the State, urging education and good roads as methods to attain this, but I cannot believe the perpetuation of Spanish speech is for the best. A bill that was defeated called for teaching in Spanish through the first four grades of school in towns where a majority of the pupils are Spanish-speaking.

Perhaps I feel the more strongly in this matter because after attending the legislature I went up into one of the plaza towns where we have a school. An itinerant priest had just been there for some days and had disturbed the whole settlement. He had, of course, ordered all the children to be taken from the Protestant school, but had further ordered that they attend the "Catholic" school, meaning the public school. In that community the latter is taught by a young Mexican man, who uses English text books, but employs Spanish in talking to the pupils. The school is much too small for the community so that the mission school but supplements the public school. Of the fifty-two children in the former twenty-two were withdrawn, and those amidst much wailing on the part of children and parents.

The priest gathered all the Bibles he could find and had a public burning of them in the centre of the plaza, at the same time inveighing against the "Protestants" who had come into the community. A visit to the little Catholic church, with its bare stone floor, the row of burning candles set thereon, the tawdry decorations, the blackshawled women and the foreign speech, carried one out of the United States to some Latin-American country far to the south. To know the difference between truth and superstition, to be free to read and know, to choose with knowledge—surely our American citizens should have these privileges. Scores upon scores of these little plaza towns, neglected, foreign, belated, hinder the Americanization of New Mexico and cry aloud to the Church to send that freedom of choice, of growth, that can come only through education and enlightenment. I feel that we are doing only a fraction of that which we should be doing for the Spanish races and the Indians of New Mexico and the other parts of the Southwest. I speak of New Mexico now because I have just been there. The need is immediate; the present generation should have its opportunity.

The State of New Mexico through public schools, the State Agricultural College near Las Cruces, and the State University at Albuquerque, is doing all that it can to solve its problem of Americanization, but not many American teachers, except those animated by the missionary spirit, are willing to go into small plaza towns where the entire population is Spanish-speaking. There is work enough for the State and other

agencies, without one interfering with the other in any way. The mission worker, too, does more than teach; she develops a social consciousness in the community, she cares for the sick, she befriends the troubled, she carries on the Sunday school and prayer meeting and is often minister as well. New Mexico needs a fine and aggressive Christianity that has broad toleration for prejudices continued through the teaching of generations, that can quietly and steadfastly win its way, not by its attacks on another faith, but by its quiet presentation of truth.

Motoring about New Mexico, through plaza town and pueblo, where life goes on as it has for hundreds of years, untouched by modern ways, the problem of the State grips one, and demands a new program on the part of the Church. Work in these small communities should appeal to many of our fine young women who reach out for the most difficult and greatly needed Americani-

zation work. Our boarding schools should be enlarged at once that we may train young men and women to go back to these same communities as helpers. But one from a town can hardly stand alone; it should be possible to take a number from each town that they may each strengthen the other when they return home. The American woman should also be there to help them. The United States is the sum of her parts; this magnificent Southwest with its untold possibilities should be helped now by the older States; we are but a large family where older brothers and sisters help the younger. We reach out to Mexico and Central and South America and rightly, but let us not neglect the members of our own family whose claims cry aloud to us and whose problems need immediate solution. It is my earnest hope that increased gifts may make it possible for the Woman's Board to do more in this Southwest.

Letters of a Girl to Her Erstwhile College Roommate

By Mary Ashby Cheek, Secretary for Student Work

On the train,

Dear Alice:

Oct. 10, 1918

You're right—it's always the unexpected that happens. I have a wild desire to be one of those impossible people who ask over the phone "Guess who this is," and demand "Guess where I am." But I won't be a bromide, and anyway I can't wait to tell you that I am bound for New Mexico. Yes, the wilds of New Mexico, that sizable expanse of desert, which has more or less providentially protected us from the Mexican revolution! Just cease that gasping long enough to let me explain that it's an "official" visit, my dear, to the mission stations of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America! Now, say that you are impressed!

Yes, I know I am a horrible heathen to be doing this. Mother had planned to take the trip as she is a synodical president and then she had to go to New York to see Tom off for France. To make a long story short, I'm taking her trip. If you were only here to go with me, and show me how



to act! I am petrified for fear I'll shock these people! Will write again soon.

Hastily, BECKY

Dixon, New Mexico

Oct. 13th, 1918

Dear Alice:

Where shall I begin to tell you all that has been happening? This trip is a liberal education in geography. Did you know that New Mexico is directly south of Colorado? To be perfectly frank I didn't—and my dear, just a twelve hours' ride from Denver I'm in a different world. Saturday morning was spent on a narrow-gauge railroad with most fascinating companions. There were a Mexican (or Spanish-American they like to be called) his wife and five children. The two little girls, who overflowed into my seat, understood not a word of English, but their big brown eyes



When the adobe "wears on the edges" the housewife plasters anew with mud

danced as ecstatically over the colored "ads" of Campbell's soup and Bon Ami, as those of their English-speaking fellow Americans of the same age. Their dress was a study in brilliant yellows, pinks, and reds. In front of me was a real live Indian who looked peaceable enough in citizen's clothes; across the aisle was a butter merchant from Denver; and behind him two Indian or Mexican girls, arrayed in the latest style and with many gold teeth, and talking glibly in Spanish.

The country itself is absolutely unique. It's just dust and bare hills of sand and perpetual sunshine. The chief crop is sagebrush, but they tell me that dry land that grows sagebrush will grow orthodox crops when encouraged by irrigation. In the daytime the country seems pathetically bare, but at sunrise and sunset it is fairy land; the colors are splashed on in their brightest shades. When you get up into these bare old mountains, and see for miles around, you have the impression that it's a huge relief map before you.

Are you asking how little Becky reached this lofty position? There follows the history of her life. At Embudo, your erstwhile roommate alighted from the train and found waiting Mr. Donaldson, the principal of Menaul, the boy's school at Albuquerque, and Miss Ellsworth, a teacher and community worker at Chimayo. They had come miles in the trusty Ford (the missionaries' friend) and didn't even mention the fact that I wasn't my mother. After we had gotten stuck in the sand and ex-

perienced a puncture, we got really well acquainted and have had a great time since.

You would simply adore the little adobe houses we passed with their flat roofs and rooms all in a row. They used to build all the houses end to end to form a hollow square for protection from the Indians. This they called the plaza—hence the name plaza towns. One's house is the color of the surrounding country, of course, and when it wears a little on the edges, all that is needed is reinforcement from the front yard. Every one has just cut chili, one of the large crops, and it is hanging in long strings from the roofs of the houses. This fiery red touch to a brownish landscape would delight your artist's eye.

But to return to the Ford party; we came to Dixon, where they were so glad to see us at the hospital and school. Oh, I must tell you about our call on Mrs. Lucero who has just been notified by the War Department of her son's death in France. He used to go to the Embudo Mission School at Dixon, and then to Menaul School. Everybody seems to have loved him. A number of women had gathered at the house, upon hearing the news, the saddest looking lot I ever saw. Most of them had an absolutely blank expression of hopelessness. But not so with Mrs. Lucero—she had caught a different vision. "It's all right," she said, "my son was glad to offer his life to his country." Why, Alice, she was just as wonderful and calm as we would wish our mothers to be, had it been Joe or Tom. I should think those workers would feel repaid in this one instance for all they have done.

My dear, I simply must stop. Forgive me for "dissertating" so long. If you were only here to talk to!

Devotedly,

BECKY

Oct. 16, 1918
Santa Fe, N. M.

Dear long-suffering Alice:

I just have to talk to somebody now! I told you about Dixon, didn't I? The next morning the "missionaries' friend" took us to Peñasco, where we picked up Dr. Taylor, a physician with no competition in a hundred square miles of territory. Imagine it! Then we went on, or rather up, to Las Truchas. You have never seen such hills; the "friend" balked at everthing does on one hill, so we hitched our wagon to a horse, and rode toward the stars, straight up the side of a mountain.

I never hope to see anything so gorgeous as the view we had over the surrounding "terra firma," and those Truchas Peaks! If they were in Europe, Americans would be paying their last red cent to see them. They look down on little homes, built on the sides of the hills, and propped up behind and on people that don't come into touch with the outside world. Do you know, it was almost impossible to find anybody who could interpret for us when we talked at the school-house. It's a hard place to live, way up in the clouds that way, if you are not used to it, but the workers are just wonderful in spite of difficulties. They need some buildings here. I wish I could rub an Aladdin's lamp for Truchas.

Chimayo is down the other side of the mountains from Peñasco. The yard of the mission school has grass, which is truly wonderful. There is a stream quite close, which is of course used for irrigation by this town and many others above and below. It seems that most of the lawsuits in this part of the country are over water, because the fellow higher up the stream is all too apt to reason about possession being nine-tenths of the law and take more than his share, when all are supposed to take turns.

Near Chimayo there is a church hundreds of years old, which makes Bunker Hill look new and childish. The priests sell the sacred mud, which is dug out of a hole in the floor and this supposedly heals any known disease. Then, there is one sect, the Penitentes, whose members crawl over stones with bare knees to crosses on top of the hills, and on feast days beat themselves terribly. Yes, I saw these crosses with my own little eyes, and this is in America! But, I must cheer you up by telling you that we met some of the boys and girls that evening who were going or had gone to the school, and they were great. This was America, too, and Christian America!

We had to leave Miss Ellsworth at Chimayo, much to our sorrow, and journey on to Santa Fe. On the way we saw the original fireless cooker, an adobe stove in the shape of a beehive in which they put hot coals, then rake these out, put in the food, and seal it up. They have used them for ages, too!

Here I am at Allison-James School in Santa Fe, having a corking time seeing all the girls from the plaza towns. You can just see their minds stretch, my dear. Mr. Donaldson heard they had twenty-five cases of "flu"



"The original fireless cooker"—an adobe bake oven

at Menaul, so went on to Albuquerque yesterday. I'm afraid I won't get to see much of the boys.

Cheer up, I am going to stop this minute.

BECKY

Later: I brought this on to Albuquerque. I'm at Menaul. They have the "flu" terribly, but you have never seen anything like the way the well ones are working. There is a wonderful spirit here. I wish some nice millionaire would give a few paltry thousands for buildings.

Home, Oct. 21, 1919

Dear Alice:

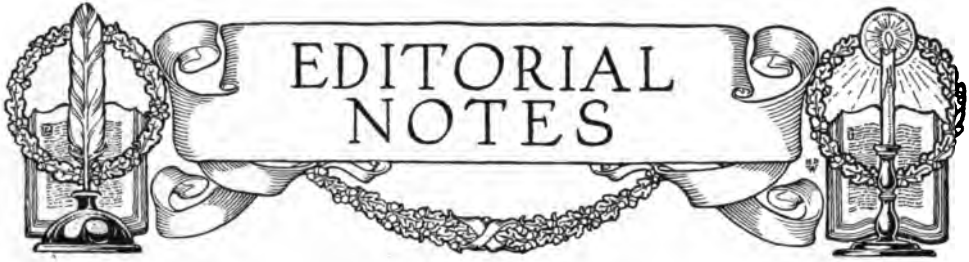
Home again! And believe me I'm a different woman! I was blissfully ignorant of the fact that I was narrow-minded and selfish and ignorant, yes, plain ignorant when I started out. Did I say that New Mexico was just an expanse of desert and did I say that I was afraid of pious missionaries? Oh, I take it all back, my dear, I've never had such a wonderful time. You know that I've been simply sick over the family refusing to let me apply for France; well now I'm going to see if they will let me apply for New Mexico. While Tom is "carrying on" in France, I'd like to "carry on" here. It would be a wonderful job—it's social reconstruction work and nursing and then some! Come on and go with me; we'd have a glorious time.

As ever,

BECKY

P. S. I'm wild to go to college and get the girls all thrilled about it. I hear that student secretaries of the Boards are going to be there next week to talk about this sort of work. I'm going up to help them put it across.

B.



MEETINGS of the Woman's Board of Home Missions are to be held at St. Louis when General Assembly convenes in that city. From May 16th to 20th there will be sessions of varied character: on one day a meeting held jointly with the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest; the morning being devoted to an inspirational presentation of the relation of women's organizations to the big church movements of the day, by speakers of national reputation; the afternoon to a conference on methods as to carrying out practical details. Another day will be devoted exclusively to the work of the Woman's Board of Home Missions; following a general home mission survey there will be addresses by missionaries. The usual vesper service will be held on Sunday afternoon, Dr. John A. Marquis making the address; missionaries will be presented, a few of them making brief remarks. The Young People's Rally promises to be inspiring and profitable. It is expected that there will be time for sociability and for conference. Jefferson Hotel has been selected as headquarters for the women. Plans will have been perfected by the last of April and any wishing detailed information can secure it by writing to the General Secretary of the Woman's Board. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of women. All are most heartily welcome.

¶

WHILE new emphasis is being laid on the Americanization of foreign elements in our country and especially the teaching of English, the recent action of the legislature of New Mexico with regard to compulsory instruction in Spanish in the schools of that state is startling. Many have known that a large part of the population of New Mexico "still speak the language of the country whose citizens they ceased to be seventy years ago," but recent newspaper comments brought a surprise to the majority of us in setting forth the fact that this large number

of Spanish-speaking people is constituted not alone of the poor but of men of prominence, including legislators who require interpreters when they wish to exchange views with their English-speaking associates. In an article in these pages by our president, Mrs. F. S. Bennett, she pictures with the graphic strokes of an eye-witness conditions existing in New Mexico's legislature.

The bills passed, which are a part of the educational program presented by Governor Larrazola, himself a representative of the Spanish-speaking element, compel the study of Spanish in the higher state institutions for a period of four years, and in rural schools where the people speak Spanish the teachers must be able to read, write, and speak it and must translate all reading lessons into that language and teach it to students. While knowledge of Spanish is very desirable, especially for those so near the border of old Mexico, yet it should be a secondary language in schools of the United States and every child should be given instruction in English. The *National Geographic* tells of a boy drafted into the army of the United States from New Mexico who, when questioned, showed that he did not know that he was a citizen of this country until he entered the army, although he was born under the Stars and Stripes. "Let English be the language of the home, of the school, of the marts of trade, of the church, and of the hearts of our people."

¶

THE appropriation of \$100,000,000 to be expended during the next seven years for the education of people within the United States who are unable to read and write in English was unfortunately among the bills not passed when Congress adjourned. It is important that its passage be demanded at the next session and all who are interested in the Americanization of aliens and the lowering of the percentage of illiteracy among native-born should remind their

congressmen of the importance of pressing this bill. *The Continent* well says that though English is not a magic guarantee of American feeling "it does abolish half or two-thirds of the height of that 'middle wall of partition' which keeps the foreigner in America apart from the movement of the American spirit—isolated from American ideals and American thoughts."

✠

A NEWLY elected field secretary of the Woman's Board is Miss R. Marie Preston, known to many through her fine work on two of our mission fields. In presenting the cause of home missions to societies she will be able to speak from personal experience both in Porto Rico and in Utah. While the mission field is for the time being the loser, societies are greatly favored. Eventually Miss Preston hopes to continue her service as a missionary.

✠

MR. HERBERT A. MCKEAN of Kirksville, Mo., has been appointed superintendent of Sheldon Jackson School, Sitka, Alaska. Mr. McKean is a graduate of Columbia University, having received both his B. S. and M. A. degrees from that institution. He has specialized in vocational training, has taught in the rural schools of Illinois, has spent four years as a teacher in the Philippine Islands, and appears to be particularly well fitted for this position in one of the most important schools of the Woman's Board. Mr. McKean with his wife and child expects to reach Sitka about May first.

✠

THE student work of the Women's Boards of Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church loses a very valuable secretary when wedding bells ring for Isabel Laughlin. For four and one-half years she has been Secretary for Student Work and, being qualified in a very unusual degree for this secretaryship, has during that time developed the work among students rapidly and thoroughly. She has visited 100 colleges, had personal interviews with 565 girls, made 326 addresses, attended 10 summer conferences and 15 other conferences. Figures are bare records but when associated with Miss Laughlin's personality and efficiency their evident outcome is multiplied many-fold. In early June she becomes the wife of Frank Mason Harris of Oakland, California, who as a lieutenant in the United States Navy did convoy duty

throughout the war, and who is now in an engineering position with the Shipping Board at Washington, D. C., where they expect to make their home.

✠

MISS LAUGHLIN's successor as secretary is Miss Florence Tyler of East Aurora, N.Y., formerly Field Secretary for the Women's Board of Foreign Missions in New York. In assuming her new office it is expected that Miss Tyler will be at headquarters much of the time in an executive capacity, planning trips and giving attention to the demands of a national correspondence. Miss Mary Ashby Cheek, already an efficient Associate Student Secretary, and in September a new Associate Secretary, Miss Mary Clark, class of 1913, Wellesley, daughter of Dr. Charles A. Clark, pastor at Punxsutawney, Pa., will spend their time chiefly in the colleges.

✠

SOMETIMES just a few sentences from the letter of a missionary give pictures that linger with us. When Miss Mazie Crawford of Lapwai, Idaho, returned from a week of evangelistic meetings in the Nez Perce Indian Church at Meadow Creek, she forwarded subscriptions to the HOME MISSION MONTHLY from the woman's missionary society of that church. There are but nine members and they sent eight subscriptions either to *Woman's Work*, *Over Sea and Land*, or HOME MISSION MONTHLY. Some other small organization's might well copy this Indian society in Idaho. Meadow Creek is forty-five miles from Lapwai as Miss Crawford describes it "on one of our high prairies." It had been so spring-like at Lapwai, with buttercups and other wild flowers blooming, the farmers plowing, and the birds singing, that she was much surprised on reaching the top of the mountain near Meadow Creek to find deep snow and to be met by sleds for the last six miles of the trip. The third picture in this letter shows how up-to-date these Christian Indians are and how loyal to every move of the church. Miss Crawford writes: "Our Nez Perce ministers are coming down to Clarkston, Washington, tomorrow to attend the New Era Conference. I expect to go too, for on account of the quarantine all winter the New Era business seems to come upon us quite suddenly. I want to get all the information I can, to see if we can adapt the plans in our Indian work."



Our Historic Southwest

By Lansing B. Bloom, Associate in History, School of American Research

BY "our Southwest" is understood the very large region now within the national boundaries of the United States to which European civilization first came from Spain by way of Mexico. Four of our five largest states are situated in this area, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

If the late Adolph Bandelier was right in asserting that "history embodies our knowledge of the development of mankind from its first appearance," then the history of the Southwest must take into account records gathered and interpreted by the archæologist and the ethnologist as well as the historian proper. The old pueblo of Pecos, for example, according to Indian tradition as substantiated by scientific excavation, was founded about the year 600 A.D., far back of which stretches the long period during which the culture of the Pueblo Indian was developing. The famous cliff-dwellers, contemporary with the earlier Pueblos, likewise have left, under the accumulating dust of centuries, records more intelligible in their way than would have been any written records of the Stone Age in America. One cannot understand the original inhabitant of this country as the Spaniard found him, much less can he understand the Indian of this region as he is today, without first learning something at least of the pre-Spanish period.

The Spanish period is the first for which we have any written record. Interesting as are the accounts of the early explorations of the Spaniards, they were but preliminary to the colonizing of what became, in the Spanish period, the most northern jurisdiction of the vice-royalty of New Spain. Of these there were three: the provinces or "kingdoms" of Texas, New Mexico, and California. Arizona did not exist as such until well down into the American period, the only part occupied by the Spaniards being known as "Pimería Alta" and constituting a part of the State of Sonora. El Paso and the neighboring region, known as the "El Paso district," was administered from Santa Fe until the Mexican constitution of 1824 transferred it to the State of Chihuahua.

It will be best to confine our attention to one of the three jurisdictions named, though in doing so we must note that no two of them were entirely alike in any form of administration—civil, military, religious, or judicial—and each developed as independently of the others and as distinctly as if they had never been parts of the same country.

New Mexico never had well-defined boundaries until recent years. In fact, the Colorado boundary was decided only within the past two years, and the commission over the long-disputed boundary with Texas has been continued by the present legislature. Historically, New Mexico never had boundaries; she had "frontiers," beyond which lay unsettled and largely unexplored country. Under Spain and Mexico, New Mexico was a *government* rather than the territory governed. Authority centered at and radiated from the capital, and New Mexico extended only as far as that authority was exercised. When, therefore, we think of the distances between Santa Fe and other governmental centers in Texas, Chihuahua, and California, we are instantly impressed by the tremendous isolation which obtained far down into the American period. A radius of a hundred miles would cover practically all Spanish plazas and friendly Indian pueblos except the narrow thread of the Rio Grande valley, down which were scattered ranches and an occasional settlement as far as the present Elephant Butte reservoir. There began the dreaded desert stretch known as the Jornada del Muerto. Beyond the frontiers thus roughly indicated in all directions lay *la tierra afuera*, the outer country, which was the habitat of the "Gentile" Indians,—the nomadic tribes who acknowledged neither ecclesiastical nor civil authority of Spaniards or Mexicans, and against whom the latter always had to be on guard even when intercourse was friendly.

There was no intercourse with Texas or California. Trade with the French of Louisiana and later with the Americans of Missouri was prohibited. The only route, therefore, for government-couriers, for commerce, and for travel lay down the Rio Grande. From El Paso the main

route struck south to Chihuahua and on down the great central plateau to Mexico City. Mails left Santa Fe twice a month and under favorable conditions, with frequent relays of horses, a letter would reach Chihuahua in thirteen days and Mexico City in thirty-three days. A traveller would take twice this time; a trader with laden wagon or pack-train took still longer.

With Mexican independence in 1821 came the opening of the frontiers and then there rapidly grew up to the east the famous "commerce of the prairies." In twenty-five years the economic relations which thus developed so far outweighed the badly frayed bonds which still united New Mexico to the southern republic that, when the United States troops under Col. Kearny entered Santa Fe in 1846, it was less a conquest than a peaceful and welcome transfer of allegiance to the nation of which New Mexico had already become an actual part economically.

Spanish-American and Anglo-American civilizations met in New Mexico under peculiarly interesting circumstances and under the free institutions of our national life they and the culture of the Pueblo Indians have been influencing and modifying each other during more than sixty years.

One thing for which Deputy Pino pleaded in 1812 was realized in 1851 when New Mexico was separated from the ecclesiastical see of Durango and a resident bishop placed in Santa Fe. With religious liberty and the emulation occasioned by the coming into New Mexico of men of the Protestant faith, the Roman Catholic Church has become more spiritual than where this contact has not been present.

Ministers of different Protestant denominations visited the state in the fifties but it was some years before churches were successfully established. The first Presbyterian Church was organized in Santa Fe on January 13, 1867, with twelve members and one ruling elder, and on December 14, 1868, the Presbytery of Santa Fe was created. The members of the new presbytery were the Rev. D. F. MacFarland of Santa Fe; the Rev. John N. Shultz, chaplain of the 38th U. S. Infantry at Fort Craig; the Rev. James M. Roberts, missionary to the Navajos; and the Santa Fe Church represented by Elder William Kennedy.

The presbytery covered what is now Arizona

and New Mexico and was attached to the Synod of Kansas until September, 1871, when it was joined with the Presbyteries of Colorado and Wyoming to form the new Synod of Colorado. By 1871, Santa Fe Presbytery had grown by the addition of the Rev. John A. Annin of Las Vegas, with the Presbyterian church of that place, and the Rev. John Menaul, a second missionary to the Navajos at Fort Defiance. Another chaplain, the Rev. David W. Eakins at Fort Union, and a licentiate recently located at Albuquerque by the Board of Foreign Missions, the Rev. P. D. McElroy, were also working in the state. The only other Protestant ministers and churches in New Mexico in 1871 were a Methodist missionary and church at Elizabethtown, and two Episcopal ministers and charges at Santa Fe and Las Cruces.

This glimpse of southwestern history may well close with a word of New Mexico's record in the last three wars. In 1861, many supposed that New Mexico because of her position south of the parallel 36° 30' would side with the forces of disunion, a belief which was refuted emphatically on the fields of Val Verde and Glorieta.

Again in 1898 no state faced a more severe test than did New Mexico, three-fourths of whose citizens were of Spanish descent, heirs of three centuries of achievement in the Southwest, heirs of the Spanish language, thought, and culture. Yet in the war for the liberation of Cuba, New Mexico sent more volunteers in proportion to her population than any other state in the Union. Fully a third of Roosevelt's immortal Rough Riders were New Mexicans.

And today, in the "Palace of the Governors"—built by the Spaniards on foundations left by pre-Spanish Pueblos and occupied from about 1606 to 1893 by Spanish, Mexican, and American governors and legislatures—in this historic building, so long the heart of this inland empire, are gathered records which show that New Mexico has in the Great War again done her part wholeheartedly and generously, giving of her young men and of all her resources above the average for the whole nation.

New Mexico is rich in her heritage from Indian, from Spanish-American, and from Anglo-American, and she intends to justify her place in the sisterhood of States by rightly valuing and rightly using her heritage.

The Medical Missionary in New Mexico's Mountains

By Alvis Hogsett Taylor

The writer is the wife of Dr. Horace R. Taylor, the physician in charge of our Rincones Medical Station

THE really picturesque Mexican family of the type that calls for uplift can be seen only by leaving the luxurious Santa Fe and journeying northward into the mountainous section of the state, into the country where generation after generation has lived the same life as that of their ancestors, and where when disease or old age has overtaken them, they have died without having even desired to advance con-

ditions among their people. This statement may seem critical but it is not meant in that spirit. It is ours not to criticize but to help awaken a desire how to live, how to meet and keep pace with the outside world which civilization is slowly but surely bringing into their midst.

Through the efforts of mission workers in many instances the people have reached this stage and their homes are models for those about them; their

children are being educated to as great a degree as finances permit; when illness overtakes them effort is made to secure services of the physician rather than use quack remedies that abound in this locality; fresh air is not a stranger in their homes, their sleeping rooms are ventilated. Other houses are closed tight; a family, often of ten or twelve, is huddled in one room, and in many cases during the winter a fire is kept in the stove a part or all of the night. Sleeping in a heated non-ventilated room not only lowers resistance and breeds disease, as we know, but because of defective drafts not infrequently results in death from asphyxia. Only a few weeks ago Dr. Taylor was called to a tiny house where an old man and his grandson lived. He found the boy dead and his grandfather in a critical condition. They had retired leaving the fireplace filled with wood; in some way the chimney became clogged and the room filled with smoke. The next morning a neighbor found what had happened and called the doctor. The old man recovered—let us hope to warn others of the danger of closed and heated bedrooms.

In the minds of the majority, quarantine exists as an unheard-of injustice to friends and relatives of the patient, and to the community at large, for is not visiting and wailing over the sick one of the principal diversions of the people? Often when the doctor enters a home he must actually push his way through the mass of people in order to reach the bedside of the patient. Enforcement of quarantine by law does not yet exist in this locality, but a few are willing to listen to the doctor and results are gratifying as the following instance will show. A visit to a home revealed a case of diphtheria. A quarantine sign was immediately put up; the family allowed anti-toxin to be administered and saw that quarantine was obeyed, with the result that there were no more cases in the plaza. Another instance shows some of the difficulties of the medical missionary. In a home where scarlet fever was known to exist, the doctor was met at the door by the mother

who refused admittance, declaring that no doctor should kill her child. After persuasion he gained entrance and explained to the roomful of people that the disease was contagious, with the result that all departed. Medicine was left, a quarantine sign posted, and the doctor went on his way rejoicing that so much had been accomplished. But a visit—unexpected to the family—revealed the medicine untouched, the room full of people, and the sign torn down!

If parents could be taught to pay more attention to the illness of their children much needless pain could be avoided. A little girl was brought to the office suffering from a mastoid abscess which had reached the surface after two weeks of agonizing pain to the child, during which time nothing was done for relief. Another mother when told her little one needed an operation in order to save its life, replied that she could not consent as her husband was away and she did not know that he would want it done; so the baby was left to die.

Hitherto there has been practically no obstetrical work but during the past year it has grown rapidly; this is most encouraging because the doctor who is called for these cases must have the confidence of the people to a great degree. This work is most important as lack of knowledge concerning proper care of mother and baby is appalling and many deaths occur as a result.

At Rincones Medical Station the year 1918 was very encouraging. The number of patients treated was more than double that of the previous year. Over three thousand miles were traversed by the physician, about one half on horseback. The medical work is winning the friendship of the people and the generosity of Presbyterian women in placing a medical station here is beginning to be felt and appreciated by the community. As workers among them may we realize anew that the same blood shed on Calvary for us was shed for them; may we recognize in them our brethren and strive to leave no stone unturned that will tend to enlighten their lives.

Medical Work and Americanism in One Plaza

By Famy B. Mills

OUR Cottage Hospital has witnessed many interesting scenes, since it was re-opened by Miss Yeats, our present nurse, in July last. It is a small, neat, cement structure on the outskirts of the plaza, furnished with the necessary equipment. Since September, among the patients, one of the most interesting was an operative case, the operation being performed by Doctor Taylor, our medical missionary, assisted by Mrs. Taylor and Miss Yeats. The patient, a dear little woman, in only a little more than ten weeks time is in better health than for years. An operation here is so novel that we are very grateful to God for His great healing in this life.

Three of our maternity cases have been former Allison-James girls, and it is indeed inspiring to see what that splendid school has done for these

women. They are vitally interested in our care of their bodies, and are anxious to learn how to care for themselves and their babies. The sweet Christian spirit which they manifest warms our hearts; to hear them pray and sing is indeed an inspiration. If our Christian women in America could realize the real need of teaching these women concerning their physical welfare, they would become more and more interested in the medical work among them. Much of their former treatment was no less than appalling and we are unable to comprehend how the women survived it. After centuries of superstition, however, the light is dawning, they see the benefit of Christian care and accept it.

In our community it has been beautiful to see the Americanism manifested by our Spanish-speaking (not hyphenated) Americans. We sent

from our little plaza thirty-six soldiers, eighteen of that number going overseas. And our young men were not the only ones interested in our great War, for when the call came for the purchase of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps our people responded splendidly. In the Third and Fourth Liberty Bond drives we met our quota and with the War Savings Stamps last summer went over the top. One of the most inspiring scenes was witnessed when the signing of the Armistice was announced. Our people, young and old, marched through the plaza with waving flags and pealing cornets.



A GOLD STAR NOW SHINES ON THEIR SERVICE FLAG FOR THE YOUNG MAN AT THE RIGHT

The accompanying picture was taken at the time of the departure of one of our brave boys last April. It shows some of our school children and the young man, Silas Tafoya, standing with his mother and two little brothers. Last September while engaged in the famous St. Mihiel drive, Silas answered the call to "come up higher." He was a young man of sterling Christian qualities, honored and loved by all who knew him. A product of Menaul School, after graduation he became one of our public school teachers. His

was the star in our little service flag that turned to gold and as we look upon it and the other four stars on our church service flag our hearts are saddened yet inspired at the remembrance of his splendid life.

In keeping the home fires burning, in giving their sons to the service of their country, our people did their part. May we be as willing to answer the call of their physical, mental, and spiritual needs, as they were to respond to our Nation's calls.

The Interdenominational Spanish Council

By M. Katharine Bennett

ABOUT thirty delegates from Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, pastors and field workers among the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest, with a few officers from the headquarters of some missions boards, met at Albuquerque, New Mexico, March 6, 7, and 8, 1919, for the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Interdenominational Spanish Council of the Southwest. The denominations represented were the Methodist Church, both North and South, the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., the Northern Baptist, Congregational, Disciples, and United Brethren, all of these having work in some part of the Southwest.

The Council was most fortunate in that the Rev. S. G. Inman, Executive Secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, on his way back from Mexico, was able to be present for the first two days, and to bring an inspiring message of results among Latin-American peoples, as well as to help in the formulation of definite recommendations looking toward linking the work of the Council with the general Committee on Spanish-speaking Peoples.

From the first session a oneness of interest and a hearty spirit of cooperation were apparent and no time was wasted before settling down to serious consideration of the problems that had brought the group together. Keen interest was

manifested in the forward-looking plans of various denominational agencies, as well as in the larger interdenominational projects for the country at large, and much enthusiasm was shown as the relation of these larger budgets to the work in the Southwest was discussed. All recognized that a realignment of forces might be necessary when the whole need was surveyed and considered as a single problem to be attacked strategically by an adequate force, but sentiment seemed unanimous that the fuller occupation of the field and the possibility of a more effective approach would compensate for any possible sacrifice of personal or denominational sentiment.

The sessions were marked by conference rather than speech making; emphasis was laid again and again on the fact often forgotten, that in the border states there are two distinct groups of Spanish-speaking people: the large number of descendants of early Spanish settlers who were in the region when it became a part of the United States and who are citizens of the country, and the Mexican refugees who have crossed the border during the troublous times of the past few years. These in reality constitute two distinct groups, though it is true that large numbers of the first group have not yet come into the privileges of that education that is the right of the citizen of the United States; they are foreigners in speech,

in custom, in isolation, in the only country they can claim as their own.

In an eloquent speech Mr. Garcia, an attorney of Albuquerque, asked that the Spanish-speaking citizens of the Southwest be no longer considered as Mexicans, or hyphenated Americans, and set apart by themselves, a people without a country. Mr. Garcia emphasized the fact that he himself, a citizen of the United States, is looked upon as a foreigner, yet when he went to Mexico he was there classed as an alien.

Evangelistic and educational work were discussed at length. A difference of opinion was manifest when the question of the day school in the plaza came up, some arguing that this form of service had done its work and should be ended, others holding that as the plaza public school is frequently taught by one who speaks English but brokenly and who has but limited education, the little community must be helped by the English-speaking mission teacher. There was unanimous opinion that large, well equipped boarding schools are an imperative and acute need that groups of young men and women may be prepared to bring their own people to a knowledge of Christ, to their full American heritage and a fine citizenry.

One afternoon of the Council was given over to the students of the four denominational boarding schools for Spanish-speaking people located in Albuquerque. These young people crowded the church in which the sessions of the Council were held and in a most creditable manner presented a program of music, recitations, and speeches. The schools represented were Menaul School for boys (Presbyterian), Harwood School for girls and Albuquerque College (Methodist), and Rio Grande Industrial School (Congregational). The need of training for young people that had been emphasized and the results shown brought out the unanimous belief that this phase of the work should be greatly strengthened and larger numbers reached. The aim of all discussion was definite progress in service for the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest; and tentative plans for advance and for such consolidation of effort as would make more effective the service rendered were foreshadowed.

The days at the Council were helpful and enlightening and those present could but go away inspired by a new enthusiasm. The coming months will prove the final result of the days of conference.

“Carrying On” at Chacon

By Sara J. Reed

THE philosophers who loaf and smoke on the sunny side of the adobes at first discussed the war with less interest than they gave to local politics. It seemed something vague and far away that scarcely concerned them; they believed the government could take care of the situation. But after a while the idea of our great democracy penetrated the sleepy silences of New Mexico, and we discovered that the Government meant “the people” and that “the people” included even the Spanish-speaking Americans of New Mexico, who were expected to bear a responsible part in the world struggle. The unusual stress and trial of the past year has left an indelible mark upon every part of our country and even such remote communities as ours were not exempt.

Our boys responded nobly to the call for men. One of the first to enlist had been one of our own pupils. Four others followed him, so that out of the sixteen soldiers that Chacon gave five were former pupils of our school. As the boys went out, Red Cross, Liberty Bonds, War Stamps, Food Conservation began to be words of tremendous import. Women and girls were eager to be taught knitting and sewing for soldiers and refugees. Men bought bonds, many of them having to pay by installment as they never had fifty dollars at one time. The children, always eager to help, bought stamps and the older girls memorized corn bread recipes in school and

made the bread in our kitchen. Patriotism ceased to be a mere word to sing about on national holidays or something for politicians to juggle with. It became a habit of daily life.

When school opened so promisingly last September we had no hint of the terrible scourge that was to sweep our little isolated community and carry eleven per cent of its victims into eternity in a few weeks. Our church lost eleven persons, one of them being a dear little lad from our school.

After the first two weeks we had no medical help except a few calls from a Government doctor sent to Mora, fifteen miles distant. We went everywhere possible and did what we could, but it seemed so little. Ignorance, superstition, and poverty were as difficult foes as the disease to combat.

We are particularly proud of the intelligent nursing done by two young men, former pupils of our school, who unaided, nursed their families of five and ten afflicted ones, bringing them safely through with no help from us but advice and medicines.

This period of affliction during which we were permitted to serve our stricken people has strengthened our influence upon them in a wonderful way and has done much to break barriers between Protestant and Catholic elements. May we be granted wisdom in the use of this new opportunity for service.



Secretaries for Literature are flooding our office with new subscriptions. Good! We are delighted to receive them, but we want *renewals* also. New friends are appreciated but *the continued support of old friends* is also needed.

Mexicans in Los Angeles

By Edna M. Garrigus

TO any one passing through the oldest part of the downtown section of Los Angeles, the plaza is an interesting sight. It is a small circular park, occupying one block.

There are palms, magnolias, and other trees, grass and rows of benches where one may always see sitting and idly chatting scores of dark-skinned Mexicans, most of them wearing broad-brimmed sombreros. There is usually a fruit vender near by and always the candy wagon

where one may buy various kinds of *dulces* that the children love; along the street, sometimes reaching entirely around the circle are express wagons for handling baggage, etc., the drivers waiting nearby for a chance to earn a little money. Across the street is the old Catholic Mission established in the early days of California's Spanish colonization.

From this plaza as a center radiates the Mexican population of Los Angeles and vicinity, estimated to be not less than fifty thousand. Many other countries are represented in the population of southern California, but the Spanish-speaking people predominate. Do they need our help? Is it not enough to share with them the opportunities and blessings that come from living in our own United States? Not if we are trying to keep the golden rule. The need of understanding them, of being true friends to them, of helping them to gain good homes, an education, and Christian training, is very great.

Some consider the industrial part of the problem the most puzzling. So many Mexican people are untrained; with either no knowledge of English or very imperfect knowledge. The work that many of them do is seasonal, in harvesting different fruits and vegetables; then employment in the canneries; and during the winter months perhaps idleness. The housing question is also difficult where several families are crowded into a few small rooms. The influences thrown about these people are for the most part not the most helpful. They see the worst side of our American life, not the best.

The majority of the girls leave school early and seek employment in factory, cannery, or laundry for they must earn their own living, or help support younger brothers and sisters, or they do not realize the need of education.

For those who have been accustomed to the

close protection of the better homes in Mexico, the freedom of our American ways is a great danger, and many fall. For those who have never had good influences there is no one to help them



FORSYTHE
MEMORIAL
SCHOOL GIRLS

IN THE PLAZA
DARK-SKINNED
MEXICANS SIT
AND IDLY CHAT

learn better ways. They marry when very young before being fitted to make good homes, and the marriages do not always last. These difficulties and the great influence of Roman Catholicism over their lives are constantly met in our endeavor to help the Mexican people.

Protestant churches and missions are doing a great work, but far more could be accomplished if we supported them more generously. In the International Institute of the Y. W. C. A. there are two earnest workers who give all their time to helping the Mexican women and girls. But this is not enough. To help in another way our Forsythe Memorial School at Los Angeles provides a home where year after year sixty or more of these warm-hearted, lovable Mexican girls can have the advantages of education and industrial training under Christian influence.

It would be hard to over-estimate the importance of this work and the wonderful opportunities that are ours as day after day we endeavor to hold before them high ideals, to fit them for useful, happy lives, most of all to lead them to know and follow Jesus. Those who look upon our work from the outside say: "Yours is the only way to reach and help them." "If the girls learned nothing at all in the schoolroom the other training they receive is more than worth all your efforts." An educated Mexican business man says, "There is no better school than Forsythe Memorial in all Los Angeles because of the good home training and the religious influence which helps our girls to lead better lives."

Results of the work of Allison-James School at Santa Fe are shown in numerous brief allusions by our writers this month. An interesting article by Miss Buxton, principal of this school, appeared in our January issue.—EDITOR.

The Latest Word of Their Work

Truchas, in the Mountains

Truchas is on a high, narrow table-land, at an altitude of nearly 9,000 feet. The view down the mountain and across the valleys must be seen to be appreciated. But our own town itself is the dirtiest, ugliest, little town I ever saw. There is a long narrow street, with houses on one side and dirty little cow-pens across the street shutting out the magnificent view the people might have. All animals run loose, and on a short walk to the post-office one will pass hogs, horses, cows, standing in the middle of the street. There are no trees, grass, nor gardens. Most of the people live in one, two, or three rooms; the houses are adobe chiefly with flat mud roofs and very small windows, generally only one window to a room and many windowless rooms. Most of the people have a ranch, which sometimes means only a few acres, out from the town, and to these ranches they take the children early in the spring returning late in the fall.

Any one visiting the public schools would know why mission schools are needed in these plaza towns. In the former the teachers are only eighth grade students themselves. Until I saw those schools I thought we were not as up-to-date as we might be, but after visiting them decided we were in a mansion and they in a hut. No blackboards, no chalk or erasers, but little space, and such stoves. We have much the larger school, an enrollment of fifty-eight with very good average attendance and I am sure the most promising pupils.

The children in the public schools do not learn to speak English, so that if we find a woman who can speak English we always discover that she has attended a mission school. The men learn to speak in Colorado where a great many go to work during the winter. In school we are emphasizing English for very few understand it well and fewer read it.

Never have I known a more cordial, affectionate people; they seem to appreciate everything done for them. There are some faithful church members here and results of the work of former missionaries can be seen. Two men in town are former Menaul students and their wives former Allison-James girls. In their homes and when talking to them, one forgets that they are not our own people. We have a fine large Sunday school. The Mexican people have their own superintendent and secretary and services are conducted in Spanish, Miss Noble and I teaching through an interpreter. Spanish songs are sung to our familiar tunes. The chapel is open four nights a week, Tuesday for games and a social time, Thursday for Bible study, Saturday for night school, and Sunday for the evening service.

A number of day school pupils pay tuition by carrying wood for house and school, water for the house, sweeping the chapel, etc., and several have brought gifts of wood. A boy, about fourteen years old, was out of school one day and in the afternoon drove into the yard with a wagon-load of wood to pay tuition for himself and a sister and younger brother. There is a fine class of young people here and there are wonderful

opportunities for service. We need a playground and a community room. There isn't a swing in town, nor is there any place for young men and boys to gather. I hope to plant trees, show what grass looks like, and do numberless things in various lines.

HARRIET ELLIOT

Our Pupils at Home and in School

Many Mexican parents think that the smaller children should be allowed to do exactly as they please, which is not conducive to good habits or conduct either at home or elsewhere. This general rule makes it difficult for both child and teacher when he reaches school age. However, in some cases the pupils adjust themselves rapidly to conditions and become interested in the work, and proud and delighted in advancing step by step. When we consider how little help they have at home, truly they do well, and one is glad to recognize their diligence, and give the word of praise deserved. Habits of neatness and order acquired in school cannot fail to be reflected in the home thus benefiting the whole family. Daily Bible study, opens the mind of the child to the truths contained therein, and the responses to questions by some who never hear a word along this line in their own homes are most interesting. Following special services in February seven pupils of our day school at San Juan, Colorado, were received into the church on confession of their faith in Christ, which fact delighted, above all others, the teacher.

Some time ago several of our members attended a *relario* on the other side of the river. Certain children over there were running in and out and creating disturbance while the few belonging here sat quietly with their parents. A man noticing the difference, spoke openly of it, saying, "You could tell the children from the mission school by their comportment always." This raised a discussion. One man said, "Well, these teachers are too busy to bother about the children's manners, only the *maestra* of the mission school has time for that," which was taken up immediately by those in favor of this school. One mother said, "There is no one who has less time than the *maestra*, but she considers it a very necessary part of her work to teach her pupils politeness, and courtesy, along with their book learning, and we are greatly pleased that she does so." Not long ago, a new pupil brought a note from her mother saying that she objected to her daughter studying the Catechism. I told her I was sorry she was not pleased but saw no reason to change our regular plan and could not permit dictation from any one in this particular. The girl said that the Padre objected. I rather expected to lose my pupil but she still remains and studies the Catechism and reads the Bible regularly, and I pray may be led to the light.

Such a busy year this has been with hardly a breathing spell. "Flu" took two pupils which is a grief to all. At the same time we feel that we were blessed in that the number was so small in this community in comparison with other sections.

MOLLIE CLEMENTS

Alice Hyson Mission, Ranches of Taos

Ranches of Taos is a quaint town in many respects and a visit to it would take you back in time two or three hundred years. Conditions here during the past months have been serious. School and church were closed from October 6th until December 15th owing to influenza. When the epidemic was at its worst, we were visiting sixty homes in many of which there were from two to eight patients, frequently all in the same room. Fortunately there was a small amount of medicine at the mission or it would have been much worse as it was almost impossible to get medicine at Taos when conditions were bad, and it was hard to get good medical aid. Later we secured help from Dr. Taylor of Rincones Medical Station, and we are thankful that we are to have his assistance during the coming year.

The people are very friendly toward the mission and appreciative, as shown by their little gifts. If any one is ill they usually send word to us, asking some one to come. In one home where the mother died, the father had influenza and a relapse. He sent for aid and I went almost daily for two weeks. "Teacher," he said, "no one else would come to me and I want to pay you." We allowed him to pay for the medicine only, but he afterward sent gifts to the mission. A woman whom we had cared for, in telling a friend of the mission about it, said, "No one else came near me, and no one else would have done what the teachers did; that is what I call Christian."

The school work has been very encouraging, with an enrollment of sixty-three; fifteen had to be refused. Many insisted that they send their children as "Publica School, no good, no learn English." One of our younger boys who has a brother at Menaul has been begging his parents to send him also. His mother wanted to know who would carry wood and water for her and he replied, "That was just like our people to think of the wood and water more than of the coming years." He also said that the majority should rule, that his two sisters, brother, and teacher wanted him to go and that was four against two. This boy is eleven years old.

The people often speak of Miss Hyson and their love for her.

MAUDE HART

Menaul School for Boys

In the fall Menaul School always depends largely upon older pupils of the former year as leaders who will help with new boys and in getting the school into working order. Last autumn, however, such boys were in the army, and young inexperienced lads had to be depended upon for leadership. They met the new duties splendidly and to their assistance the success of the year is quite largely due. The season was unusual and broken by the epidemic of influenza and the absence of pupils in the service of their country.

Success is measured by results, and measured by this standard we feel proud of Menaul as a work that counts in the lives of the boys of New Mexico, a school that is doing more than teach arithmetic and geography, important as these may be.

Wherever one goes throughout the State will be found some who speak English and show marks of improvement lacking in their neighbors. In nearly every case of this kind the conditions noticed result from mission school training. To these boys and girls the people look for leadership. In a plaza where is located one of our day schools, an Italian priest has been doing everything possible to break down the work of the school. Under threats of refusing all services and of excommunication, he persuaded many families to take the children from the plaza school and burn their Bibles. But families that have boys at Menaul School or girls at Allison-James School, with but one exception, have stood loyally by our teachers.

A few years ago a young boy came to Menaul from his grandfather's home. He understood but little English, but was determined to have an education. After his first year his grandfather desired that he attend the Spanish Normal School, a strongly Catholic institution, even offering to pay his expenses; but he chose to work for schooling in order that he might attend Menaul. Today he is a most thorough Christian, has finished the high school work, and is expecting to enter college in the fall. It is for such boys as these that we work at Menaul, and through them for the advance of the native population in these southwestern states, since their advance depends largely upon trained leadership.

HARPER C. DONALDSON

Noticeable Development

Even here at Agua Negra in our good mountain air, the epidemic of influenza did not fail to reach us; several former pupils died and there were many sad homes about us, some losing as many as four members of the family. Being so far from a physician the call came to us to do what we could to relieve and cheer, and in any case some were very unwilling to have the doctor. Learning that a Protestant family, several miles away, was sick, we went to see them and found eleven in bed with "flu" and only a little boy caring for them. To our great joy all recovered.

On our school service flag two of the eleven stars have been changed to gold, for two of our boys lie far away in France. Perhaps these sad experiences will develop in our people greater devotion to country and more earnest preparation for another life. One mother borrowed my Spanish Bible and found comfort in reading it while her boy was in the army. Just a year ago, the priest, when holding services here ordered the people to burn their Bibles.

Broadened outlook is a great need here and interest in current events, not only in our own country but especially in Europe, is one outgrowth of the war. Pupils who have learned English read papers and magazines, and talk about events of the day as they never have before. There is also growth in honesty in the school. But best of all is the manifest interest in the things of God. The Bible period in the day's work is a happy time. One former pupil has had the courage to confess her faith in the Savior, enduring bitter persecution and showing a beautiful Christian spirit.

ANNETTA BELL

The Study Book for 1919-1920

"CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION A TASK FOR THE CHURCHES"

THE reader of this valuable book, by Charles A. Brooks, D.D., will be thoroughly awakened to this problem of our Republic and will be impressed by features emphasized.

America has not proved to be the Melting Pot that could be relied upon to turn out 100 per cent Americans. "To breathe the air of America or to tread the soil of America did not work the miracle. The melting failed to be the automatic process."

Is this new-born interest due to love or fear or because we have learned that the alien has something to contribute to our civilization "to the enrichment of our spiritual life in America and may help us to realize our ideals?"

"Americanization," as defined by the author, "is the extension of our ideals of the American spirit and language to every community until there shall remain no foreign colonies untouched by or out of harmony with the rest of America."

"What we should cherish resolutely is the unity of life and spirit of America socially and politically, so that we shall be spiritually one nation, one people."

While the author recommends that the language problem should be "handled as delicately as high explosives," he also makes it plain that a difference in language is "always fertile source of discord." Attention is then called to the statement made by the Bureau of Education, that out of a population of 100,000,000 in the United States 3,250,000 over ten years of age do not understand English. "There are many areas in our country, outside the large cities, where a foreign language is the language of the neighborhood and English is foreign, also 1200 periodicals with a circulation of 9,000,000 have widespread influence which does not contribute to the American spirit;" nor does the parochial school with teachers who have but a limited knowledge of English.

Question: Should not legislative action demand that English be the only language used in our schools? "English should be the only language used or taught in primary schools, public or private; in higher schools of learning other modern languages should be taught on an equality with one another; but the language of use and instruction should be English. We should require by law that within a reasonable length of time, a time long enough to prevent needless hardship, every newspaper should be published in English. The language of the church and the Sunday school should be English. The Government should provide night schools free for every immigrant, require him to attend them, and return him to his own country unless at the end of five years he has learned to speak and read English."

In his chapter on "Arrested Assimilation," Dr. Brooks shows plainly the difficulties which must be faced. Many of these are the result of ani-

mosities of the Old World. There are racial antagonisms, which cannot be ignored in any program looking toward assimilation. To the discredit of the Old World many thousands of aliens recognize authority in matters, social, religious, and political, not in America, but in their native land.

The attitude of mind toward womanhood and privacy of family life are still un-American in many foreign colonies. "Assimilation is the force of environment pitted against the force of heredity. *But responsibility for environment rests almost entirely upon America.*"

Attention is called to the first impressions received by the immigrant on landing at Ellis Island. "He brings an enthusiasm and a naïveté which is amazing and beautiful." But all this wonderful receptiveness for Americanism is quickly dissipated by commercial agencies who use the immigrant to serve their own ends. The immigrant should find a friend to guide him into things American; classes in English, community settlements where he will receive the friendly advice and consideration he needs.

The chapter on National Unity proves that such can be achieved only by an open mind willing to pay the cost. However, in all efforts toward Americanization the church and Christian settlements must become "the cultural centers of community life" and interpret Christianity and the American spirit to these "strangers within our gates."

MARY A. GILDERSLEEVE

SUMMER CONFERENCES

Choose one out of this list and attend; also interest your presbyterian or local organization in sending a delegate who will be in a receptive attitude and catch the vision of leadership.

AFFILIATED WITH COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS

Boulder, Colo.	Sept. 21-27
Dallas, Tex.	July 2-9
East Northfield, Mass.	June 2-7
Los Angeles, Cal.	June 2-7
Minnesota.	June 2-7
Mount Hermon, Cal.	July 5-12
Mountain Lake Park, Md.	Aug. 1-8
Oklahoma City, Okla.	First week in June.
Winona Lake, Ind.	June 19-26
Bay View, Mich.	July 17-23

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCES

Under Direction of Rev. Ralph Hall

Pocono, Pa.	June 30-July 6
Winona, Ind.	June 30-July 6
Chautauqua, Ill.	June 30-July 6
Emporia, Kans.	June 13-19
Boulder, Colo.	June 23-29
Hastings, Neb.	June 23-29
Ridgeview Park, Pa.	July 7-13
Alma, Mich.	July 9-15
Cedar Falls, Ia.	July 7-13
Texas.	July 15-24
Buffalo, Minn.	July 16-22
Green Lake, Wis.	July 23-29
Hollister, Mo. (YP)	July 03-Aug. 6
Hollister, Mo. (RE)	Aug. 7-13
San Anselmo, Cal.	July 28-Aug. 3
Los Angeles, Cal.	Aug. 4-10
Stony Brook, L. I.	Aug. 18-24

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Summer Conferences for Students.

Blue Ridge, N. C.	June 3-13
Silver Bay, N. Y.	June 20-30
Eagles Mere, Pa.	June 27-July 7
Hollister, Mo.	June 13-23
Lake Geneva, Wis.	Aug. 19-29
Asilomar, Cal.	June 17-27
Seabeck, Wash.	Aug. 26-Sept. 5

MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT

Blue Ridge, N. C.	June 24-July 3
Silver Bay, N. Y.	July 4-July 13
Estes Park, Colo.	July 11-July 20
Asilomar, Cal.	July 15-July 24
Ocean Park, Maine.	July 18-July 27
Lake Geneva, Wis.	July 25-Aug. 3
Seabeck, Wash.	July 30-Aug. 8

After Eighteen Years

Las Vegas Hospital
East Las Vegas, N. M.
March 15, 1919

DEAR HOME MISSION MONTHLY:

For eighteen years friends of Home Missions have been interested in our mission at Trementina, New Mexico, and as I have been located there all those years my name has become intimately associated with that work. Having said that I expected to remain until the people, the Board, or the Lord wished to dispense with my services may I be permitted to tell those interested how I came to withdraw? I believe that my return after my absence last summer was blocked providentially and that I was divinely led to another field where there is a special task for me.

Last summer I became interested in the Welfare Drive inaugurated by the Children's Bureau at Washington. I supposed it to be merely a weighing and measuring survey, and concluded that if the children of my community were to be reached the work would have to be done by me, and therefore offered my services. Then it developed that volunteers were expected to take a two weeks' course of instruction in Santa Fe and afterward devote six weeks to the work in their county. Reflecting that there would be few volunteers able to cover the country districts among Spanish-speaking people, I asked permission at Board headquarters to take the necessary time, and this was heartily granted.

After taking the course in September I started with the county superintendent and one other woman to visit districts in the highlands before winter should set in. At the end of a week of good work the superintendent became ill with pneumonia, forty-five miles from Las Vegas in a purely Mexican settlement, and I remained to nurse him for two weeks until convalescent.

I then came to Las Vegas en route for Trementina. Here began a succession of delays: impassable roads due to rain and snow; a call by telegram to Denver where my own family were all ill with influenza; after my return to Las Vegas two weeks later former Trementina pupils now at Las Vegas very ill with "flu;" at the same time word that all were well at Trementina. When arrangements for my start were again made the president of this small hospital at Las Vegas came to me in distress. The matron had left

without warning. They did not know where to turn for another and had only unskilled nurses. There was the only institution receiving influenza cases and the epidemic was at its height. It was a question what to do with their patients if I did not come to their rescue. I accepted for two weeks until they could secure some one.

It was then the middle of November. I looked at the situation squarely. I was worn, had just enough strength to meet the duties here, but when I thought of Trementina with its night work, exposure, house to house visiting, care of my own meals and home, I felt that to go back would mean a breakdown like my previous one and a protracted period of enforced rest. When past fifty, one does not have the endurance of thirty-five. I decided that I was no longer equal to the task of country physician and nurse for a community with a radius of twenty-five miles, together with the other responsibilities of the mission field.

I feel lost when I remember that I am no longer officially connected with the Woman's Board of Home Missions, but the work before me is for the welfare and uplift of the Mexican people. I doubt if I could stand more than five more years at Trementina at best. Here I should be able to do good work for the Mexican people for a comparatively indefinite period. The Board has been very kind and I would regret my action did I not feel that it has been so ordered by God's will.

Very truly yours,

ALICE BLAKE

Miss Alice Blake has given unselfish and untiring service and has accomplished a great work during her years of leading, nursing and caring in every way for the Mexican people of her charge. It was with very great regret that she was released for other work than that directly under the Woman's Board.—Editor.

In Memoriam

A gifted, consecrated life was ended when Miss Julia H. Johnston of Peoria, Illinois, was called from this world on March 6th. In church and missionary work her loss seems well nigh irreparable. She succeeded her mother in the presidency of Peoria Presbyterial Society and held office for twenty years. During the last years of her life she was Secretary for Children's Work, giving to young people the benefit of her experience and ability. At the time of her death she was also advisory vice-president of the Woman's Board of Home Missions. Her profession as a writer never prevented her service to missions but rather added much to its value. Numerous contributions from her pen have appeared in these pages and the loss to the HOME MISSION MONTHLY is very personal. Though a tireless worker, self-reliant, of strong convictions, and persistent in developing plans, she was yet modest, retiring, and self-effacing. Her wonderfully rounded Christian character with kindness to all was founded on an unusually intimate knowledge of the Bible, its teachings enriching her life and writings.

From the address by her life-long friend and pastor, Dr. J. H. Morron, we quote briefly: "The rejuvenation of work, the refreshment and tonic of books, and the renewal of strength promised to

WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS

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TOPICS FOR 1919

January—Missions Financed: The Funds of Our Board; Constructive Methods; Striking Statistics.
February—American Indians: The Government and the Indian; The Church and the Indian; Characteristics and Customs.
March—Newest Americans: Americanization of the Immigrant; Immigrant Centers in My Own State; The Presbyterian Church and the Immigrant.
April—The Negro: His Part in the Commonwealth; His Christian Development.
May—Mexicans in the United States: A New Southwest; Our Pupils at Home and in School; Medical Missions in New Mexico.
June—Porto Rico and Cuba: Progress in Island Welfare; Three-fold Service of Our Hospitals; Educational, Religious and Social Influences in Cuba.

July—Woman's Board of Home Missions: A National Organization; Forty Years of Service.
August—Our Young People: Their Organizations; Cooperation that Counts; Training for Leadership.
September—Plans for the Future: Open Doors; Effective Methods; Higher Ideals.
October—Alaska: The Years of United States Ownership; The Alaskan as a Citizen; Sheldon Jackson School—One Solution of Alaska's Problems.
November—Southern Highlanders: Training for Social, Economic, and Religious Leadership; Mountain Industries; Thanksgiving for Results.
December—Mormonism: Distinctive Principles; Present-Day Aspects; The Stimulus of Our Schools.

Chicago and Philadelphia Notices—The Chicago Presbyterian Society for Home Missions holds a meeting on the third Tuesday of the month in "Assembly Hall," Stevens Building, 17 N. State Street. The business session is at 10.30 a. m., followed by devotional service at 11 a. m. Home Mission Literature may be obtained at headquarters of the Presbyterian Society, Room 1803-a, Stevens Building. Visitors welcomed.
The Home Mission Presbyterian Societies of Philadelphia and Philadelphia North have headquarters in the Witherspoon Building, where literature and information may be obtained by visitors. A public prayer meeting is held on the second Wednesday of each month at 11 a. m.

Form of Bequest of Woman's Board of Home Missions—"I give, devise, and bequeath to the Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, incorporated under and by virtue of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, dated April 28, 1915, the sum ofdollars, to be expended for the work of said corporation."

*Over Sea
and Land*

A MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE WOMEN'S HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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